Japan, Global History, and the Great Silence

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Abstract: A young Japanese woman called Usa Hashimoto disembarks on Thursday Island, Queensland, in September 1897. Two months later, she briefly recounts her story to a British colonial official. What does her testimony mean for the way we write global history? Who, indeed, are the 'we' in global history? This experimental essay, divided into ten parts, revisits the question of 'silence' in history in order to argue that structure, form and writing style should be key tools in the struggle to hear voices from the past. Bringing W.G. Sebald, Greg Dening, Minoru Hokari, Julie Otsuka and Virginia Woolf into dialogue with each other, I suggest that global history demands new forms of writing. To illustrate my point, I draw on literary techniques of framing, sequencing, intertextuality and juxtaposition in an attempt to trace what I call the 'moving first person' in Hashimoto's testimony. Whether my particular constellation works or not is for readers to judge; but at the very least, I would be happy if this one experiment also sparked others.

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Japan, Global History, and the Great Silence

by Martin Dusinberre

DIE AUSGEWANDERTEN

Ende September 1970, kurz vor Antritt meiner Stellung in der ostenglischen Stadt Norwich, fuhr ich mit Clara auf Wohnungssuche nach Hingham hinaus. Über Felder, an Hecken entlang, unter ausladenden Eichen hindurch, vorbei an einigen zerstreuten Ansiedlungen, geht die Strasse an die fünfzehn Meilen durchs Land, bis endlich Hingham auftaucht, mit seinen ungleichen Giebeln, dem Turm und den Baumwipfeln kaum aus der Ebene ragend. Der weite, von schweigenden Fassaden umringte Marktplatz war leer, doch brauchten wir nicht lang, um das Haus zu finden, das uns die Agentur angegeben hatte.[1]
(At the end of September 1970, shortly before I took up my position in Norwich, I drove out to Hingham with Clara in search of somewhere to live. For some 25 kilometres the road runs amidst fields and hedgerows, beneath spreading oak trees, past a few scattered hamlets, till at length Hingham appears, its asymmetrical gables, church tower and treetops barely rising above the flatland. The market place, broad and lined with silent façades, was deserted, but still it did not take us long to find the house the agents had described.)

These are the opening words of W. G. Sebald's 1992 novel, *Die Ausgewanderten* (The Emigrants). Through a narrator called W. G. Sebald, the novel tells the story of four men. The first, a retired doctor called Henry Selwyn, is the husband of Sebald's new landlady in the village of Hingham. In a series of wandering conversations, Dr Selwyn recounts to Sebald how in 1899, when he was seven, his family left their home village in Lithuania. Intending to emigrate to New York, they unwittingly ended up in London, where Selwyn learned English, won a scholarship to a prestigious private school and went to study medicine at Cambridge. After completing his studies in the summer of 1913, Dr Selwyn went to Berne for his practicum. But instead of working, he spent weeks on end in the Bernese Oberland, in Meiringen and Oberaar, where he became friends with an alpine guide called Johannes Naegeli. Selwyn and Naegeli went everywhere together, and never in his life, Selwyn says, did he feel as good as in the company of that man. But when the First World War broke out, Dr Selwyn returned to England, bidding farewell to Naegeli at Meiringen station.

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Shortly afterwards, he heard that Naegeli had gone missing. It was assumed that he had fallen into a crevasse in the Aare glacier. *Die Nachricht davon erhielt ich in einem der ersten Briefe, die mich als Kasernierten und Uniformierten erreichten, und verursachte in mir eine tiefe Depression, die fast zu meiner Dienstentlassung geführt hätte und während der mir war, als sei ich begraben unter Schnee und Eis*.[2] (The news reached me in one of the first letters I received when I was in uniform, living in barracks, and it plunged me into a deep depression that nearly led to my being discharged. It was as if I was buried under snow and ice.)

THE GREAT SILENCE

The fictional story of Dr Selwyn's childhood migration was the true story of millions of men, women and children at the turn of the twentieth century. Between 1840 and 1940 there were approximately 150 million long-distance migrations across the world. Transatlantic migrations numbered approximately fifty-five million. But both numerically and as a proportion of the population, migrations from East Asia were of equal significance. Tens of millions of Chinese emigrated to Southeast Asia, Manchuria and Siberia; four-and-a-half million Koreans moved – or were forced to move – to Manchuria, Siberia or Japan; and from the 1870s to the 1940s, more than two million Japanese emigrated across the Asia-Pacific world.[3]

Such global migrations were a key characteristic of what the late C. A. Bayly called *The Birth of the Modern World*. Bayly labelled the late nineteenth and early-twentieth-century decades the time of the 'great acceleration'. He wrote: 'Many people of the time, contemplating the speed of change between 1890 and 1914, were convinced that this age was the crucible of modernity and represented it as such in political discourse, art, and literature'.[4] But what Bayly should have written was, 'many *literate* people'. For there were millions of people who in their very migrations exemplified the speed of change, but who did not have the skills to depict modernity in political discourse, art, or literature. There were millions whose only 'representations', if they survive at all, take the form of a simple entry on a ship manifest, or a 'mark' in lieu of a signature on an official document. To the historian, their lives are otherwise silent.

Moreover, some of the artistic representations from the period exacerbated the silence of the illiterate. Figure 1, a painting by Joseph D. Strong (1853–99), dates from 1885, the year when Japanese migrants began coming to Hawai'i in large numbers.[5] The specially commissioned painting was a gift from the Hawaiian king to the Japanese emperor, and it depicted Japanese labourers on the Spreckelsville sugar plantation in Maui. The main Honolulu newspaper described it as 'a fine representation of a sunny, thriving, hard-working plantation scene', one that would clearly please the Mikado.[6]

At first sight, the painting would seem to honour the labourers' lives, to show how hard-working Japanese thrived in a world of global commodity

Wikimedia: Creative Commons

Fig. 1. Joseph D. Strong, 'Japanese Laborers on Spreckelsville Plantation, Maui' (1885).

production and capitalist labour regimes. But it was a fiction. There were no Japanese on Spreckelsville plantation when Strong completed the painting: the first labourers arrived only a few weeks later. When they did come, there were 275 men but only one woman – and certainly no babies or children. Moreover, disputes immediately broke out between the Japanese labourers and the plantation management, with the Japanese complaining about being made to work while sick. Such troubles were widespread among the first Japanese in Hawai'i, irrespective of plantation, but no hint of them is given in the Strong painting, which instead maintains the fiction of a 'sunny' plantation scene. Rather than honouring the Japanese in Hawai'i, therefore, the painting represses their experiences.[7] Like the marketplace in Sebald's East Anglian village, this was one of the *schweigende Fassaden*, the 'silent façades' of history. And it was even more a façade for the indigenous Hawaiians, cleared from Strong's landscape like cut sugar-cane.

So there are two phenomena here: silence and the act of silencing. To my mind, both phenomena were as characteristic of what Bayly calls the nineteenth-century 'great acceleration' as all of the political discourses, art, and literature that survives. Perhaps, then, we should talk of a 'great silence', of a world in which some representations were [S]tronger than others, some voices audible and many not.

DENING'S BEACH

'Humanities are the great unsilencing art.' These are the words of the late Greg Dening, in an essay entitled, 'Writing, Rewriting the Beach'. Like Dening, I believe that the act of unsilencing lies at the core of a historian's work. The issue is *how* we unsilence the past. I want to propose that the way historians write – our use of structure, the positioning of our own voice – must be central to the task of unsilencing.

But first we must understand what Dening means with his observation, 'Silence isn't empty soundlessness. Silence is always a relationship'.[8] This is

Fig. 2. Kapa‘a First Hawaiian Church graveyard, Kaua‘i, 2011. Author’s photo.

an abstract idea, so let me illustrate it with another example from Hawai‘i. One morning during a research trip six years ago, I found myself not on a beach, like any sane visitor to Hawai‘i, but walking through a small-town graveyard. (We historians know how to have a good time.) And in the graveyard I stumbled across this gravestone:

> Keijiro, Kodama / Arrived / Hawaii, Nei / June 18, 1885 / Died / Kapaa, Kauai / Meiji XXIX / July 9 1896

The information on the gravestone seems at first sight extremely basic, with perhaps the only surprise being the use of the indigenous term, ‘Hawaii Nei’, meaning ‘beloved Hawai‘i’.

But subsequently, in the Tokyo archives, I discovered that Kodama was one of the first Japanese labourers to work on the very Spreckelsville plantation that was so misleadingly depicted in the Strong painting.[9] What then intrigued me about the gravestone were its markers of time: the Japanese imperial calendar on the one hand, and the Gregorian calendar on the other. Both would have been novelties to Kodama, who was born in 1857. The practice of tying era names to the name of a particular emperor was only introduced at the beginning of the Meiji period, in 1869; and the Gregorian calendar was introduced to Japan in 1873, replacing the Chinese lunar calendar. By his teenage years, therefore, Kodama’s earlier conceptions of time would have been supplemented – if not effaced – by something new.[10] In Japan as elsewhere, ‘new time’ (*neue Zeit*) became one expression of the modern (*Neuzeit*).[11] And yet, despite the dates on the gravestone, there was an apparent error. Kodama did not arrive in Hawai‘i on 18 June; he arrived, according to every government record, one day earlier, on 17 June 1885.

I don't know anything else about Kodama: other than his gravestone and a line in the Tokyo shipping manifests, his life is without trace. But something about this 18 June date bugs me still. The year before Kodama arrived in Hawai'i, a conference in Washington DC formalized the International Date Line, such that 17 June in Hawai'i *was* 18 June in Japan. The International Date Line was one manifestation of an increasingly connected world, a world in which time needed to be internationally standardized.[12] But I wonder if Kodama ever really understood this example of *neue Zeit*/*Neuzeit*. Does the 18 June date indicate ignorance of these new international standards? Or does it suggest rather the maintained memory of Japanese time by Kodama and/or the unknown donor (presumed Japanese) of his gravestone? That is, a decade after Kodama's departure from Japan, does the gravestone represent his quiet rejection of new global standardizations? I simply don't know: his voice is silent. But the silence can be framed: it is to be found in the relationship between Meiji time and Gregorian time; it is to be found in the imaginative space between 17 and 18 June.

My interest in the framing of silence is not in itself unique to global history.[13] All historians frame the past, both by focusing on a particular period and on a particular place in their research. But in the case of Kodama, what is important is the breadth of the framing: encompassing Meiji time, Gregorian time and international time; encompassing Japan, Hawai'i and a very large ocean in between. Because of this geographical and conceptual breadth, we can say that global history draws especial attention to the practice of framing and the idea that new relationships emerge between those frames. And if, to return to Dening, silence exists through those relationships, then global history, drawing on the best traditions of social history and subaltern history – focusing, that is, on men and women like Kodama – helps us define those relationships more precisely and make them audible.

IS THAT A TREE?

What other new relationships does global history help us hear? For a start, we hear voices that undermine some of our basic assumptions about the practice of history – and we see scripts that disorient us. ちょっとだけ、具体例をあげましょうか。最初に、歴史を語るとかいう前に、まずは大地の声を聴けないといけない。大地があなたにいろんなことを教えてくれるわけです。そんなことを言われたって、僕には聞こえないわけですよ。でもかれらは大地の声を聴くわけですよね。その大地の声に従って、例えば、「あそこで白人が死んだのは、法を犯したあの白人に大地が懲罰を与えたからだ」と語りますよね。[14] (Shall I give a quick example? First of all, before we can discuss history, we must listen to the [voice of the] earth. The earth will teach you many things. So the elders say, but I can't hear anything. Yet they are listening to the voice of the earth. And, according to what they hear from the earth, they relate that 'The white man died at that cattle station because he violated the law and the country punished him'.)

These are the words of the late Hokari Minoru in his 2004 monograph, *Radikaru Ōraru Hisutorii* (Radical Oral History). The book, based on an English-language PhD dissertation examined by Greg Dening and others, is radical first for how it treats its subject, the historical practices of the Gurindji people in what is now the Northern Territory, Australia. Early on, Hokari asks how we should understand the idea of the earth punishing a white man. One option would be to talk of an 'Aboriginal worldview'. Here we would consider the story of the earth's 'punishment' as some kind of Aboriginal cultural metaphor for an empirical fact – a death – that ultimately has some other, more 'rational' explanation. But this is a deeply unsatisfactory response, Hokari argues, for it reduces the Gurindji historian's analysis to mere metaphor or local worldview, while elevating 'our' historical analysis to the level of universal rational discourse.

An alternative, radical option would be to accept the idea that 'the earth' is a historical agent – not just geologically, as environmental historians remind us, but also in terms of its ability to make conscious decisions.[15] In a very different environmental context, Julie Cruikshank grapples with a similar proposition when she asks, *Do Glaciers Listen?* Cruikshank sets out a long history of outsiders reacting with disbelief to indigenous histories from the far northwest of the American continent, histories that recount how glaciers surge in direct response to human infraction – particularly when they smell humans cooking with grease. Though contemporary geophysicists no longer scorn these indigenous histories as simple 'superstition', Cruikshank still observes a polite distance between 'science' and indigenous narratives (or 'culture').[16]

And so Hokari also imagines the public 'scientific' response to the idea of the earth as agent: たとえば、グリンジの長老が歴史学会や人類学会に招待されて、「大地が白人に懲罰を与えた。」といった話をしますよね。すると、おそらくみんな拍手喝さいしてこの主張を「受け入れる」んじゃないでしょうか。アボリジニの人が、アボリジニの文化圏（発話位置）から大地の声の話をしても、誰もちっとも困らないんですよ。なぜなら、いまどきの学者さんたちは、みんな文化相対主義とか異文化尊重とかをちゃんと実践できるからです。じゃあ、日本学術振興会特別研究員という資格で研究報告する発話位置を与えられているこの僕が、学会発表の場で、「牧場でこの白人が死んだのは、大地が彼に懲罰を与えたからです。」と主張したらどうでしょう。みなさん、かなり困るんじゃないでしょうか。僕の頭がおかしいんじゃないかと疑われても仕方ないですかね。[17] (Let's imagine that Gurindji elders were invited to an academic conference on history or anthropology and there told the story of how 'the earth punished the white man'. The entire audience would probably 'accept' this claim with hearty applause. No one is troubled when an Indigenous Australian speaking from the position of Aboriginal culture talks about the voice of the earth. Why? Because academics these days are able to practise cultural relativism and be respectful of other cultures. But what would happen if I, reporting on my research at a conference from my speaking position as a research fellow of the Japan Society for the

Promotion of Science, were to state, 'The white man died at the cattle station because the earth punished him'? I think everyone would be rather vexed. Could I blame them for thinking I'd lost my mind?)

By talking about 'the voice of the earth', Hokari practises a type of historical analysis that discomforts and bewilders his imaginary audience – and, judging from student reactions, my real audience in European lecture-halls. But Hokari forces us to assume that most of the types of historical analysis my colleagues and I teach at the University of Zurich would discomfort and even bewilder an audience in the Gurindji country. This, then, is one challenge raised by the idea of unsilencing: if historians are to practise global history globally, we must make an attempt to relate not only to an audience in Zurich, but also to an audience in Japan and in the Gurindji country. To take non-Western historiographical traditions seriously would be a start in writing radical (oral) history.[18] For just because a particular set of historical practices developed in nineteenth-century Europe boasts the intellectual weight of appearing universal does not mean that a European model of history always speaks globally. Hokari is a Japanese academic trained in Western historical techniques: that in itself is a legacy of late nineteenth-century global transformations.[19] But those Japanese-filtered Western techniques are inadequate when it comes to listening to the Gurindji people, he argues. Thus, in an extended conversation with *Provincializing Europe* (Dipesh Chakrabarty was another of Hokari's examiners),[20] Hokari instead argues for 'new styles of writing' that will create a 'cross-cultural history' capable of emphasizing 'multiple voices from plural historical agents'.[21]

And indeed, a second radical element in Hokari's work is his style of writing, in particular the presence of his own voice on the page. The text begins with a playful introduction – ども、はじめまして、ほかりみのると申します (Hello, nice to meet you. My name is Minoru Hokari) – and a word of thanks for those readers who have gone so far as to buy his book.[22] The exploration of 'cross-cultural history' comes in a chapter entitled (in the English text), 'For Theory Lovers Only (If You Are Not, Please Skip to the Next Chapter)'. It is as if by making his own voice so prominent, Hokari wants to undermine the comfortable universality of the first person plural, the academic 'we'.[23]

The act of unsilencing, in other words, entails both entering unfamiliar relationships – for example, with non-human actors – and also rethinking the historian's relationship with something so familiar as to be overlooked in many textbooks on global history, namely our relationship with our own voice. What, and where, is the historian's voice in the writing of global history?[24] Or, as the Hawaiian scholar Haunani-Kay Trask asks in one of her essays, 'What do you mean "we", white man?'[25]

THE MOVING FIRST PERSON

'On the boat we were mostly virgins. We had long black hair and flat wide feet and we were not very tall. Some of us had eaten nothing but rice gruel as young

girls and had slightly bowed legs, and some of us were only fourteen years old and were still young girls ourselves. Some of us came from the city, and wore stylish city clothes, but many more of us came from the country and on the boat we wore the same old kimonos we'd been wearing for years – faded hand-me-downs from our sisters that had been patched and redyed many times.'[26]

These are the opening words of Julie Otsuka's 2011 novel, *The Buddha in the Attic*. The protagonist is a composite first-person plural: the 'we', a group of nameless Japanese women. These women's voices speak for some of the thousands of so-called 'picture-brides' who came to California and other parts of the US West Coast in the first two decades of the twentieth century,[27] but whose stories Otsuka otherwise narrates outside of time and place. Only in the novel's final three chapters, when the women must go to the wartime internment camps and abandon homes they have spent decades making, do they begin to take on names and brief descriptions: Chiye, Suteko, Shizue, who left 'chanting a sutra that had just come back to her after thirty-four years', Katsuno, Fumiko, Mitsuyo, Chiyoko, 'who had always insisted that we call her Charlotte, [and] left insisting that we call her Chiyoko'. It is a list that stretches for pages.

And then comes the final chapter, in which the first person shifts. The 'we' is no longer the Japanese women, but those left behind in once thriving communities. 'Mikado Pool Hall is closed. Imanashi Transfer is closed. Harada Grocery is closed, and in its front window hangs a handwritten sign none of us can remember having seen there before – *God be with you until we meet again*, it reads. And of course, we cannot help but wonder: Who put up the sign? Was it one of them? Or one of us? And if it was one of us, which one of us was it?'[28]

One of them, or one of us? By shifting the voice of the narrator(s), Otsuka seems to suggest that 'we' are all losers in the history of internment, that 'their' story of alienation and dislocation could – and should – also be ours. The same moving first person can be found in Sebald's novels. One moment Sebald is quoting Selwyn indirectly: *Insbesondere habe er sich wochenweise in Meiringen und Oberaar aufgehalten* … (He spent weeks on end in Meiringen, and Oberaar in particular); the next, Sebald's first person melts into Selwyn's. With the line, *als sei ich begraben unter Schnee und Eis* (as if I was buried under snow and ice), the 'ich' is both Selwyn and Sebald, as if to suggest that the grief and homelessness of European Jews becomes – must become – a history for us all.[29] And so it is for Hokari: he must inhabit what he calls 'two different modes of explaining the world'.[30] His 'I' moves between approximating – not appropriating – the world of a Gurindji historian and that of the Japan Society for the Promotion of Science: both them and us.

The assumed universality of the academic 'we' is therefore undermined by being precise about its place and defining when it moves. The 'we' of Zurich is not the same as Hokari's Japanese 'we', nor the Gurindji 'we'. A historian can move his/her first person in both its singular and plural forms. When I move my 'I' away from the familiarity of the lecture hall, I begin to decentre

my voice as a 'global' historian.[31] At the same time, the moving first person opens up a new set of relationships and thus new ways of hearing silence in the sources.

That, at least, is the argument, the response to Trask's question of what I mean by 'we' or 'I'. So what does it mean in practice?

USA SPEAKS

(translated from the Japanese)

On the 29th day of November 1897 in the presence of Torijiro Satow and Gyusaku Sugiyama –

Usa states –

My name is Usa Hashimoto. I am twenty-one years of age. I was born at Nishiyama Nagasaki Japan –

My elder sister is keeping a lodging house in Singapore at Malabar Street –

I am one of the inmates of No 2 at the place known as Yokohama Thursday Island, a brothel kept by Shiosaki –

I departed from Nagasaki with the intention of seeing my sister at Singapore –

This I did on the representations of a man named Konishi at the end of June 1897 – There were ten other young women who left by a sailing ship at the same time, accompanied by Konishi

I do not know the name of the ship – We had no passports – It was midnight –

I intended to go to my sister at Singapore –

The ship took us to Shanghai, and there we were transferred without landing to a Steamer for Hong Kong where we arrived on the 13th of July –

We were all put up at a lodging house kept by a Japanese called Yoishi Otaka – I was then told that it would be impossible for me to go to my sister at Singapore as no woman who has not a passport from the Japanese authorities is allowed to land at Singapore –

The visit to my sister at Singapore was my inducement to leave Japan –

My disappointment was so great that I did not know what to do –

Konishi the man who brought me from Japan went back to Japan –

Perhaps he had received a considerable sum of money from Otaka – I found myself alone in a strange country without a friend to help me –

While I was in such distressed and terrified condition Otaka the keeper of the lodging house told me that Thursday Island in Australia was a very good place to make money, and that I could freely land there without passport – He strongly advised me to go to Thursday Island –

I followed his advice thinking that in doing so I might find an opportunity to get afterwards to my sister at Singapore – So I boldly decided to go to Thursday Island, and was accompanied there by Matsubara from Otaka's lodging House – We arrived at Thursday Island on the 11th day of September –

There were other women with Matsubara whom he brought to sell along with me – Matsubara is not himself the keeper of a brothel –
Matsubara made arrangement with Shiosaki the keeper of a brothel at No 2 Yokohama – Thursday Island –
I have entered into agreement with Shiosaki to pay him the sum of one hundred pounds sterling out of my earnings –
I think Matsubara has received from Shiosaki my large sum of money for passage lodging commission and other expenses alleged to be incurred on my behalf –
Unfortunately I fell into such a miserable state, but the act is voluntary and not against my will, and as Shiosaki has paid the amount demanded by Matsubara with my consent I am now under obligation to pay him £100 –
Unless my sister will pay the amount, or I can pay it out of my earnings I am not free to go to my sister –
I declare that the above statements are correct –

Usa Hashimoto
her finger mark[32]

THE MOVING FIRST PERSON

The testimony above comes from the Queensland State Archives in Brisbane.[33] In my experience of state and government archives, it is rare to find such testimony written in the first person. There were plenty of bureaucrats in the late-nineteenth century Pacific world who wrote *about* illiterate Japanese women, and whose reports fill the archives today, but it is unusual to find a contemporary document – especially a document of this length – that begins, 'My name is…'.[34]

But who exactly is Usa Hashimoto's 'I'? The first person is, at the most basic level, not Hashimoto but rather the man who initiated her interrogation and transcribed the English translation, John Douglas (1828–1904).[35] Douglas, British born and educated, and himself an immigrant to Australia, had served as Premier of Queensland in the late 1870s. From 1885 until his death in 1904, he was the Government Resident for Queensland on Thursday Island.[36] Known for his anti-Chinese immigration stance, Douglas had also begun reporting in the early 1890s on the number of Japanese prostitutes arriving on Thursday Island via the British colonies of Hong Kong and Singapore and his efforts to repatriate them.[37] According to a newspaper interview Douglas gave to the Brisbane *Telegraph* exactly two weeks after questioning Hashimoto, there were around 300 Japanese then living on Thursday Island; this would have included the thirty-four Japanese women recorded as resident in September 1897, the month Hashimoto arrived.[38] Asked whether recent policies introduced by the Australian colonies to 'reduce [this] influx' were working, Douglas answered in the affirmative. But, he continued, 'There are

a few still coming in without passports, from Hongkong, and they are not a very desirable class, especially the women'. Douglas had used similar language when sending Hashimoto's testimony back to bureaucrats in Brisbane, writing on a top sheet that her case 'represent[ed] a curious and not very attractive phase of Japanese colonization'.[39] This phrasing, in turn, played into the rhetoric of local English-language newspapers, who claimed that 'Thursday Island has become to all intents and purposes a Japanese colony', and that the arrival of Japanese resembled 'an invasion'.[40]

Douglas's presence is unmistakable in Hashimoto's testimony. His conviction, publicly expressed in the *Telegraph* interview, that women like Hashimoto were 'contraband' and represented an increasing 'evil' which 'ought to be checked', can be heard between her clipped sentences. I imagine him asking:

What was the name of the ship?
I do not know the name of the ship –
Who kept your passports?
We had no passports –
What was the time when you boarded?
It was midnight –
Why did you go with Konishi?
I intended to go to my sister at Singapore –

And the real question: *what can my administration do to stop you?* Douglas is the 'I' in this testimony because his concerns about contraband, evil and so-called Japanese colonization, expressed on behalf of the British imperial state, created the very forum – an interrogation – in which Hashimoto should speak.

But Hashimoto spoke no English, and Douglas no Japanese. So this testimony has another 'I' – the male translators. One, 'Gyusaku Sugiyama' (Sugiyama Gensaku, dates unknown), was a doctor: his name also appears on a list of more than a hundred Japanese who made benefactions in 1898 to the Torres Straits Hospital.[41] The other, whose wife made the biggest single donation, of two pounds and two shillings, was 'Torijiro Satow' (Satō Torajirō, né Motogi Torajirō, 1864–1928). Born in Japan, Motogi was a law graduate of the University of Michigan. Returning from the US to Japan in 1890, he continued an interest in liberal politics by helping finance a newspaper, before marrying into the Satō household and moving with his wife to Thursday Island in November 1893. There, in addition to owning a company that constructed pearling vessels, he quickly became a leader of the Japanese community.[42] Most likely, Douglas had men like Satō in mind when, in response to a question about 'the Japs' being considered as 'colored aliens', he told the *Telegraph* interviewer, 'I regard [the Japanese] as far the most intelligent and civilised of the Asiatic races we

have to deal with. There are gentlemen among them who have proved intellectually quite our equals'.[43]

Satō's name, indeed, was often to be found in the local press, defending Japanese interests in the Queensland pearling industry against the racist complaints of white colonial settlers.[44] Satō used his legal skills to place such disputes within the wider international context of extraterritoriality and the unequal treaty system in East Asia. But in embodying and simultaneously defending Japanese 'civilization' to the outside world, Satō and other leaders of the Thursday Island community also had a message for Tokyo: just as extraterritoriality besmirched Japan's 'present state of civilization', so too did the image of women like Hashimoto stepping off the ships damage 'the honorable name of Japan'.[45]

This warning, in turn, shaped how bureaucrats in Tokyo labelled women like Hashimoto. From the beginning of the Meiji period in 1868, men and women from southwestern Japan were known to travel overseas in search of work, particularly to Shanghai, Hong Kong and Singapore.[46] At this point, such labour networks were barely noticed by Meiji bureaucrats in Tokyo. But as the Meiji state's engagement with the outside world intensified and the number of overseas Japanese consuls rapidly increased in the 1880s and 1890s, Japanese women in particular began to be made visible to Tokyo through consular reports and petitions from groups of concerned businessmen – such as the Japanese on Thursday Island. Douglas's *Telegraph* interview, for example, made it back to the Japanese Foreign Ministry, where it was filed alongside race-mongering articles from the Queensland press.[47] Consequently, bureaucrats in Tokyo began to identify women like Hashimoto as a problem. In an archival rationale that is preserved to this day, bureaucrats usually filed details of these women's work not under the general heading, 'Trade/ Commerce' (which was where reports on Japanese labourers in Hawai'i were kept) but rather under the heading, 'Judiciary and Policing'. Bureaucrats labelled the women's work 'unsightly' (*shūgyō*), and the women themselves as 'stowaways' and 'prostitutes'. As Bill Mihalopoulos has noted, the Japanese authorities ' – the consul, the harbour police, lawmakers and administrators – were not concerned with the subjective reality of the women, but with how to intervene and shape their lives'.[48]

Such an agenda is discernable in Hashimoto's testimony. In her 'I', we hear also the consuls, the harbour police, the lawmakers and the administrators. We hear them through the translator Satō, who following his return to Japan in 1901 was elected to the national House of Representatives. After serving for some years as a lawmaker before being forced to resign in a scandal, Satō became a colonial administrator in Korea, intervening in and shaping colonial lives in the same way that his very presence in Hashimoto's interrogation inevitably shaped her voice.[49] Perhaps, indeed, it was not Douglas but Satō asking the questions in 1897, while also feeding her legalistic phrases – 'the act is voluntary and not against my will' – that

sound designed to deny any hint of the state having acquiesced in the trafficking of women.[50]

And thus the real question: *what can my country do to civilize you?*

NO, IT IS A WOMAN

But, you may say, where is Hashimoto in all this? Trapped between the dispassionate questioning of Douglas and Satō, and between the respective agendas of the British and Japanese imperial states, her voice is apparently obliterated.

'Obliterate' is Virginia Woolf's word. It appears towards the end of *A Room of One's Own*, an essay that Woolf first delivered as two lectures at the University of Cambridge in 1928. Having described at some length the historical development of the female-authored novel, and having immersed herself in such novels, Woolf picks up a new novel by 'Mr. A'. With characteristic irony, she writes that 'it was delightful to read a man's writing again. It was so direct, so straightforward after the writing of women. [...] One had a sense of physical well-being in the presence of this well-nourished, well-educated, free mind, which had never been thwarted or opposed, but had had full liberty from birth to stretch itself in whatever way it liked. All this was admirable. But after reading a chapter or two a shadow seemed to lie across the page. It was a straight dark bar, a shadow shaped something like the letter "I". One began dodging this way and that to catch a glimpse of the landscape behind it. Whether that was indeed a tree or a woman walking I was not quite sure. Back one was always hailed to the letter "I". One began to be tired of "I". [...] But – here I turned a page or two, looking for something or other – the worst of it is that in the shadow of the letter "I" all is shapeless as mist. Is that a tree? No, it is a woman. But ... she has not a bone in her body, I thought, watching Phoebe, for that was her name, coming across the beach. Then Alan got up and the shadow of Alan at once obliterated Phoebe.'[51]

And so it is with Hashimoto: to hear her voice, we need to escape the shadow of Douglas's or Satō's 'I'; we must dodge this way and that to catch a glimpse of the woman behind those male administrative voices; we have only a moment before their shadows obliterate her.

But we do at least have that moment, I believe. Despite Douglas and Satō, the 'I' in her testimony is also Hashimoto. She is present when she describes herself as 'distressed' and 'terrified'. These adjectives come in one of the testimony's longer sentences, when they seem to capture how she might have felt when deluged in a wave of new information about her future options – Thursday Island, Australia, money, freedom, passports. Her 'miserable state' is all too real, which is no doubt what David Sissons had in mind when he wrote that she 'deserves much sympathy'.[52]

But I am not convinced that 'sympathy' helps a historian capture the dynamics of her Thursday Island interrogation. If Douglas's newspaper observation that these undesirable 'Japanese ladies' on Thursday Island

nevertheless 'behave very properly' is anything to go by,[53] then we may imagine Hashimoto holding herself with a certain poise in the company of these well-nourished, well-educated men. Her refusal to panic can be heard in the ways she replies to the presumed questions of her interrogator(s) – not only the brevity of her sentences (which, we must suppose, echoes the original Japanese) but also what she does and does not say. Particular men loom large in her narrative: the escorts Konishi and Matsubara (whom she mentions three and six times respectively), the Hong Kong lodging-house proprietor Otaka (four times) and the Thursday Island brothel-keeper Shiosaki (five times). (There were, incidentally, two Shiosakis who made benefactions to the Torres Straits Hospital: might a brothel manager have been buying respectability?)[54] By contrast, Hashimoto remains opaque when it comes to the women in her story. She mentions 'ten other young women' leaving Japan but only unspecified 'other women' arriving with her in Thursday Island. In fact, the closest I got to tracing Hashimoto's story in Japan was to discover the name of her ship – the *Nanchang* – and to find out that she was one of five undocumented Japanese women and two men who landed on Thursday Island on 11 September 1897.[55] Perhaps this imbalance merely reflects the agenda of the imperial state(s), interested primarily in identifying a network of procurers and pimps who sold Japanese women as commodities.[56] But if, as Noelani Arista argues, giving names is a way of expressing voice,[57] then we can equally hear Hashimoto's voice in her *not* giving names: her silence may be to protect her female companions, to make sure that their names do not make it into the Brisbane or Tokyo archives.

And Hashimoto is decidedly ambivalent in her choice of language. Perhaps she was 'kidnapped' in Hong Kong, as the cover papers to her case attest, but she herself does not use the word. Nor does she appeal for repatriation to Japan, as might perhaps be expected from a victim of kidnapping; she rather wants to be free to go to Singapore, which was her 'intention' all along. The fact that Hashimoto's sister – named in the cover papers as Oyaya – lived on Malabar Street, at the heart of Singapore's Japanese entertainment district,[58] suggests that Oyaya may have in some way been connected to the business of prostitution. But Hashimoto nowhere uses the word 'prostitute' or 'unsightliness' to describe her intentions or indeed those of any other woman. She does not clarify – and is not asked – whether hers was really a plan to 'visit' or to work. Her statement may be 'correct' in a legal sense but she herself seems to draw shadows around her story. If this can be called a rhetorical strategy, then it seems bold.

DENING'S BEACH

And so we are left with the image of a woman coming across a beach. Her name may be Phoebe, or it may be Usa Hashimoto. Perhaps it does not matter. As Greg Dening says, 'Voices from the beach can be hard to hear. They can be snatched from the lips by the wind or drowned in the white

noise of the waves'. But the beach, literal and figurative, must be a starting point for the unsilencing of history, Dening argues, because history crosses the beach. On the beach, in our encounter with others, we find a mirror to ourselves.[59]

Now, in the interests of global plurality, and in a nod to my Swiss students, I will gladly concede that not all history occurs on a beach. But my point in returning to Dening is not to insist on a particular site of history. Rather, it is to draw attention to the title of his essay: writing, rewriting the beach. My interest is in *writing* global encounters, be they on a beach, on a mountain pass, or in a Thursday Island government office.

It is for this reason, too, that Virginia Woolf's essay is instructive. The novel, she stated in 1928, has a correspondence to real life: 'its values are to some extent those of real life'. But because, in real life, 'it is the masculine values that prevail', 'these [masculine] values are inevitably transferred from life to fiction'. For a woman to write a novel, therefore, is not a question merely of her sitting in a room with pen and paper, but rather of her devising 'some entirely new combination of her resources' to dislodge these masculine values – that is, new rhythms of sentences, new structures and new sequences of storytelling.[60] In short, the female novelist must create a new form of novel.

The parallels to global history writing should be obvious: in 2017, a key problem in the discipline of history is less the question of masculine values, although in academia as in real life, such values unquestionably persist. The problem is rather a mode of history-writing that remains rooted in nineteenth-century European traditions of what constitutes an essay, a monograph, or a lecture – a conservatism that serves as a particular strait jacket for scholars who have to worry about PhD exams or tenure track.[61] But just as the emergence of the female novel in the early twentieth-century demanded new sentences, sequences, and structures of writing, so global history in the early twenty-first century requires, to my mind, new forms and styles of writing.

It is here, therefore, that I must acknowledge: the 'I' in Hashimoto's testimony is also me. I have not wanted to *give* Hashimoto a voice, for unlike Dening, I do not think it is the role of historians to counter silence by 'giving' anything. That language, as some historians of slavery have argued, puts us in the elevated position of bestowing kindnesses on people we judge to be in need.[62] Elevation should not be for the global historian; it should not be his/her aim to view all below as if from a bird's-eye perspective.

What global history *can* offer, I think, is methodologies of framing, sequencing, intertextuality and 'creative juxtapositions' that allow historians to understand Usa Hashimoto's testimony in new ways.[63] Hashimoto's life comes to us only in this document: like so many marginal biographies, there is no clean narrative resolution.[64] But in the short moment we spot her crossing the beach, she cannot and should not be defined by government archives in Tokyo, with their focus on 'unsightly work', nor by state archives in Queensland, with their focus on race and colonization. Rather, her life

has meaning in bringing these state agendas into the same space – literally, in the form of John Douglas and Satō Torajirō – and then in her speaking between and outside those frameworks.

I myself have tried to offer some alternative framings for her life. I hope that her testimony from 1897 at some level resonates with the story of a Lithuanian refugee family in 1899, or with the death of a Japanese sugar labourer in Hawai'i in 1896, or with the imaginary voices of the picture brides, or with the historical perspectives of peoples who were in Australia thousands of years before Hashimoto came to that land.[65] I hope that my bringing Sebald, Dening, Hokari, Otsuka and Woolf into dialogue with each other deepens our understanding of Hashimoto's voice in ways that the form of a traditional lecture or essay would not. There is of course a tension here. In a lecture-hall we would be able to engage in 'speaking aloud' and thus, at the very least, become more conscious of gender, linguistic variety and vocal inflections in our discussions of global history;[66] on the written page, by contrast, the voice of the author tends to dominate. But I hope that my raising languages from the footnotes to the main text, and presenting Hashimoto's testimony verbatim, and indeed offering a certain white space for reflection between the essay's sections nevertheless somewhat decentres my voice and polyphonizes the page.[67]

Attention to voice in global history will therefore require at times a different mode of writing or speaking.[68] This is not to say that the sequencing I have used in this essay should be the new model; rather, it is to say that global history, if it is to be done globally, should give historians – especially those at the beginning of their career – the permission and freedom to experiment in form.

And as for the mirror to ourselves: let us for a moment replace the names of the men who accompanied Hashimoto to Hong Kong and Thursday Island with the term 'people traffickers'. Let us think of Thursday Island newspapers in the late 1890s as populist news websites, and consider once again what it means for people on the move both to have 'intention' *and* to be 'distressed' or 'terrified'. Let us consider burkinis on the beach.[69] If the global-history techniques of framing, of intertwining texts, of inhabiting the moraines between languages or time zones or state agendas or cultures of history – if these techniques make clear the imaginative stakes in writing and rewriting the past, then perhaps they also suggest some of the empathetic leaps required for us to make sense of migration in the present.

DIE AUSGEWANDERTEN

In the first novella of *Die Ausgewanderten*, it becomes clear that at some level, Dr Selwyn never really recovered from the loss of Johannes Naegeli. His friendship with Naegeli seemed somehow to have rooted Dr Selwyn for the first time since his family migrated from Lithuania. And, Selwyn tells 'Sebald', the older he gets, the more homesick he feels for his childhood village.

The novella ends with Dr Selwyn taking his own life. Sebald writes of overcoming the initial shock of this news with no great difficulty. But certain things, Sebald writes, have a way of returning unexpectedly, often after a lengthy absence. *Gegen Ende Juli 1986 hielt ich mich einige Tage in der Schweiz auf. Am Morgen des 23. fuhr ich mit der Bahn von Zürich nach Lausanne. Als der Zug, langsamer werdend, über die Aarebrücke nach Bern hineinrollte, ging mein Blick über die Stadt hinweg auf die Kette der Berge des Oberlands. Wie ich mich erinnere oder wie ich mir vielleicht jetzt nur einbilde, kam mir damals zum erstenmal seit langem wieder Dr Selwyn in den Sinn.*[70] (In late July 1986 I was in Switzerland for a few days. On the morning of the 23rd I took the train from Zurich to Lausanne. As the train slowed to cross the Aare bridge, approaching Berne, I gazed way beyond the city to the mountains of the Oberland. At that point, as I recall, or perhaps merely imagine, the memory of Dr Selwyn returned to me for the first time in a long while.)

A few minutes later, Sebald happens to read in the newspaper that the body of alpine guide Johannes Naegeli, missing since summer 1914, has been found in the Oberaar glacier – or to be more precise, Naegeli's body has been 'released' from the glacier (*zutage gebracht worden*), a phrase that seems almost to suggest the voice of the earth. *So also kehren sie wieder, die Toten. Manchmal nach mehr als sieben Jahrzehnten kommen sie heraus aus dem Eis und liegen am Rand der Moräne, ein Häufchen geschliffener Knochen und ein Paar genagelter Schuhe*. (And so they are ever returning to us, the dead. At times they come back from the ice more than seven decades later and are found at the edge of the moraine, a few polished bones and a pair of hobnailed boots.)

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NOTES AND REFERENCES

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1 W. G. Sebald, *Die Ausgewanderten: vier lange Erzählungen*, Frankfurt am Main, 2015, pp. 7–8; W. G. Sebald, *The Emigrants*, transl. Michael Hulse, London, 2002, p. 3.

2 Sebald, *Die Ausgewanderten*, p. 25; Sebald, *The Emigrants*, p. 15.

3 Adam M. McKeown, *Melancholy Order: Asian Migration and the Globalization of Borders*, New York, 2008, pp. 47–50.

4 C. A. Bayly, *The Birth of the Modern World 1780–1914: Global Connections and Comparisons*, Oxford, 2004, p. 456.

5 The following two paragraphs are based on Martin Dusinberre, 'Writing the On-board: Meiji Japan in Transit and Transition', *Journal of Global History* 11: 2, July 2016, pp. 288–93.

6 *Pacific Commercial Advertiser* (Honolulu), 8 July 1885.

7 I take the honouring-repressing framework from Allan Sekula, 'The Body and the Archive', *October* 39, winter 1986, pp. 3–64. On the working lives of the Japanese in Hawai'i, see Martin Dusinberre, 'Circulations of Labor, Bodies of Work: a Japanese Migrant in Meiji Hawai'i', *Historische Anthropologie* 24: 2, 2016, pp. 192–215.

8 Greg Dening, 'Writing, Rewriting the Beach: an Essay', *Rethinking History* 2: 2, 1998, p. 146.

9 Diplomatic Record Office, Tokyo (henceforth DRO), 3.8.2.5–14.

10 On how temporal changes render people voiceless, see Stefan Tanaka, *New Times in Modern Japan*, Stanford, 2004, p. 17.

11 Tanaka's formulation in *New Times in Modern Japan* is drawn explicitly from Reinhart Koselleck, *Futures Past: On the Semantics of Historical Time*, transl. Keith Tribe, New York, 2004, pp. 222–54.

12 Jürgen Osterhammel, *The Transformation of the World: a Global History of the Nineteenth Century*, transl. Patrick Camiller, Princeton, 2014, pp. 69–71; Ian R. Bartky, *One Time Fits All: the Campaigns for Global Uniformity*, Stanford, 2007.

13 See, for example, Alain Corbin, *The Life of an Unknown: the Rediscovered World of a Clog Maker in Nineteenth-Century France*, transl. Arthur Goldhammer, New York, 2001, especially pp. vii–xiv.

14 Hokari Minoru, *Radikaru Ōraru Hisutorii: Ōsutoraria Senjūmin Aborijini no Rekishi Jissen*, Tokyo, 2004, p. 13; Minoru Hokari, *Gurindji Journey: a Japanese Historian in the Outback*, Sydney, 2011, p. 36.

15 In asking, 'Could non-human beings become agents of history?', Hokari uses a Japanese transliteration of the English word 'agent'. But his example would imply a meaning closer to the German 'Handlungsmacht', literally 'the power to act'. For alternative German-language renderings of 'agency' with regard to non-human actors, see Gesine Krüger, 'Tiere und Imperium: Animate History Postkolonial: Rinder, Pferde und ein kannibalischer Hund', in *Tiere und Geschichte: Konturen einer* Animate History, ed. Gesine Krüger, Aline Steinbrecher und Clemens Wischermann, Franz Steiner Verlag, 2014, pp. 127–52. See also the special issue, 'Does History Need Animals?', *History and Theory* 52: 4, December 2013.

16 Julie Cruikshank, *Do Glaciers Listen? Local Knowledge, Colonial Encounters, and Social Imagination*, Seattle, 2005, especially pp. 47–9 and 69–75.

17 Hokari, *Radikaru Ōraru Hisutorii*, p. 14; Hokari, *Gurindji Journey*, p. 37.

18 Xupeng Zhang tells that at the inaugural conference of the International Network for Theory of History, held in Ghent in 2013, nobody attended a panel on non-Western theories of history: as reported in Ethan Kleinberg and William R. Pinch, 'History and Theory in a Global Frame', *History and Theory* 54: 4, pp. 1–4. See also the other essays in this special issue for what it means to engage with non-Western historiographies.

19 Stefan Tanaka, *Japan's Orient: Rendering Pasts into History*, Berkeley, 1993.

20 Hokari, *Gurindji Journey*, p. 248; Dipesh Chakrabarty, *Provincializing Europe: Postcolonial Thought and Historical Difference*, Princeton, 2000, especially pp. 97–113. Hokari also acknowledges the influence here of Gayatri C. Spivak, 'Can the Subaltern Speak?', in *Marxism and the Interpretation of Culture*, ed. Cary Nelson and Larry Grossberg, Chicago, 1988, pp. 271–313. Hokari's third PhD examiner was Henry Reynolds.

21 One example that Hokari cites in his discussion of new, multivocal writing will be familiar to readers of this parish: Jackie Huggins, Rita Huggins and Jane M. Jacobs, 'Kooramindanjie: Place and The Postcolonial', *History Workshop Journal* 39, 1995, pp. 165–81.

22 Hokari, *Radikaru Ōraru Hisutorii*, p. 4; Hokari, *Gurindji Journey*, p. 30.

23 For one example among many, see Tonio Andrade's use of the phrase, 'we global historians', in Andrade, 'A Chinese Farmer, Two African Boys, and a Warlord: Toward a Global Microhistory', *Journal of World History* 21: 4, December 2010, pp. 573–91.

24 Sebastian Conrad asks a slightly different question: who 'is the "we" that global historians write *for*?', in Conrad, *What is Global History?*, Princeton, 2016, p. 206, emphasis added. But he then argues that 'the "we" in question are our fellow historians' (p. 209), thus leading to the question posed by Hokari, namely 'Who is a historian?': Hokari, *Gurindji Journey*, p. 35. Despite the title of her book, Lynn Hunt writes in a traditional style and structure: *Writing History in the Global Era*, New York, 2014.

25 Haunani-Kay Trask, *From a Native Daughter: Colonialism and Sovereignty in Hawaii*, Honolulu, 1993, pp. 123–35. Trask's question echoes a line in Oscar Brown Jr.'s 'The Lone Ranger', from his 1974 album, 'Brother Where Are You'.

26 Julie Otsuka, *The Buddha in the Attic*, New York, 2011, p. 3.

27 See, for example, Kei Tanaka, 'Japanese Picture Marriage and the Image of Immigrant Women in Early Twentieth-Century California', *Japanese Journal of American Studies* 15, 2004, pp. 115–38.

28 Otsuka, *The Buddha in the Attic*, pp. 108–09, 115–16.

29 Sebald, *Die Ausgewanderten*, pp. 23, 25. Sebald, *The Emigrants*, pp. 13, 15.

30 Hokari, *Gurindji Journey*, p. 87.

31 Natalie Zemon Davis, 'Decentering History: Local Stories and Cultural Crossings in a Global World', *History and Theory* 50: 2, May 2011, pp. 190–1.

32 'Correspondence re. Japanese immigration into Queensland, 7/10/1893 to 12/5/1899', Queensland State Archives (henceforth QSA), ID 861850 (formerly PRE 102).

33 Usa Hashimoto's case is discussed in David C. S. Sissons, '*Karayuki-san*: Japanese Prostitutes in Australia 1887–1916 – I', *Australian Historical Studies* 17: 68, 1977, pp. 338–41. Unusually for Sissons, given his meticulous scholarship, he mistakenly footnoted her testimony under 'Col. A/822', as opposed to PRE 102, both numbers which have since been replaced by the QSA's new ID number system. Within the former PRE 102 files, the top page of the Hashimoto case had been separated from the main file until I located it by chance in 2013. Drawing on Sissons's work, James Francis Warren makes an even briefer mention of Hashimoto in his *Ah Ku and Karayuki-san: Prostitution in Singapore 1870–1940*, Singapore, 1993, pp. 207–8.

34 My analysis of the moving 'I' here is influenced by Orhan Pamuk, *My Name is Red*, transl. Erdağ M. Göknar, London, 2001. There are occasionally shorter first-person statements in the Tokyo archives, e.g. DRO 3.8.8.4, vol. 3, case 7 (1897). Most other first-person testimony was recorded in later oral interviews, for example Tomoko Yamazaki, *Sandakan Brothel No. 8: an Episode in the History of Lower-Class Japanese Women*, transl. Karen Colligan-Taylor, New York, 1999 [1972].

35 The phrase, 'in the presence of Torijiro Satow and Gyusaku Sugiyama' could conceivably be taken to mean that Douglas himself was *not* present. But I cannot imagine this to have been the case: Hashimoto was interviewed only because of paperwork sent to Douglas by British colonial authorities in Singapore; as non-state functionaries, Satow and Sugiyama would have had no authority (nor reason) to interview Hashimoto on their own; and if Douglas had not been present, Satow, who wrote fluent English, could have simply transcribed the interview himself.

36 http://adb.anu.edu.au/biography/douglas-john-3430 (last accessed 22 April 2016).

37 See, for example, QSA ID 847411, concerning the repatriation of Japanese prostitutes from Thursday Island in November 1891.

38 'Hon. John Douglas – An Interesting Interview – Japanese Problems – New Guinea Questions', *The Telegraph* (Brisbane), 13 Dec. 1897. There were officially thirty-four Japanese women in Thursday Island in September 1897, the highest number of any settlement in Queensland: QSA ID 86448.

39 'Correspondence re. Japanese immigration into Queensland, 7/10/93 to 12/5/1899': QSA, ID 861850.

40 Press cuttings expressing this view in 1898 made their way back to the Japanese Foreign Ministry in Tokyo: DRO 3.8.2.33, vol. 2.

41 DRO 3.8.2.33, vol. 2.

42 For an overview of Satō's life, see Kira Yoshie, 'Yokohama jānarisuto retsuden: Satō Torajirō, sono sūki na isshō', *Yokohama Kaikō Shiryōkan kanpō* 37, 29 April 1992, pp. 6–7, and Wakayama-ken, *Wakayama-ken iminshi*, Wakayama, 1957, pp. 580–2. I am very grateful to Eiichiro Azuma for sharing his research on Satō from his forthcoming monograph, and for pointing me towards more primary sources.

43 'Hon. John Douglas', *The Telegraph*.

44 See, for example, Sato[w]'s letter, 'Torres Straits for the Whites', in *Beaver Stout*, 2 Oct. 1897, as filed in DRO 3.8.2.33. See also Satō's reassurance about future Japanese immigration to Australia, *Brisbane Courier*, 17 Jan. 1896.

45 Sato[w], 'Torres Straits for the Whites'. The phrase, 'the honorable name of Japan' appears in an 1890 petition from Thursday Island Japanese businessmen to Tokyo, in DRO 4.2.2.27.

46 For Shanghai, Joshua A. Fogel, *Articulating the Sinosphere: Sino-Japanese Relations in Space and Time*, Harvard, 2009, pp. 67–99; for Singapore, Warren, *Ah Ku and Karayuki-san*.

47 The cutting was actually annotated '*Townsville Daily Bulletin*, 20th December 1897', suggesting that Douglas's interview was syndicated: DRO 3.8.2.33.

48 Bill Mihalopoulos, *Sex and Japan's Globalization 1870–1930: Prostitutes, Emigration and Nation-Building*, London, 2011, p. 9. The paperwork I cite in this essay was filed under 'Trade/Commerce' (DRO 3) because the bureaucrats' wider concern here was with Japanese-Australian trading opportunities, from which the women's lives were an annoying distraction. Most of the Japanese paperwork that focused on the women themselves was filed under 'Judiciary and Policing' (DRO 4). See also Martin Dusinberre, 'Overseas Migration, 1868–1945', in *Routledge Handbook of Modern Japanese History*, ed. Sven Saaler and Christopher W. A. Szpilman, forthcoming.

49 On Satō in Korea, see Jun Uchida, *Brokers of Empire: Japanese Settler Colonialism in Korea, 1876–1945*, Harvard, 2011, pp. 166–7, 284–5.

50 For an illustration of this acquiescence in late-nineteenth century Hawai'i, see Joan Hori, 'Japanese Prostitution in Hawaii During the Immigration Period', *The Hawaiian Journal of History* 15, 1981, pp. 113–24.

51 Virginia Woolf, *A Room of One's Own* (1929), Oxford, 1992, pp. 129–30.

52 Sissons, '*Karayuki-san*', p. 340.

53 'Hon. John Douglas', *The Telegraph*.

54 DRO 3.8.2.33, vol. 2.

55 DRO 3.8.2.33, vol. 2; *The Queenslander*, 18 Sept. 1897.

56 On the prices that prostitutes fetched in early twentieth-century Singapore and Hong Kong, see Hiroshi Shimizu, 'Karayuki-san and the Japanese economic advance into British Malaya, 1870–1920', *Asian Studies Review* 20: 3, 1997, pp. 117–20. For the Hong Kong context in particular, see Elizabeth Sinn, 'Women at Work: Chinese Brothel Keepers in Nineteenth-Century Hong Kong', *Journal of Women's History* 19: 3, 2007, pp. 87–111.

57 Noelani Arista, 'Listening to Leoiki: Engaging Sources in Hawaiian History', *Biography* 32: 1, 2009, pp. 66–73.

58 Warren, *Ah Ku and Karayuki-san*.

59 Dening, 'Writing, Rewriting the Beach', pp. 145, 159, 163.

60 Woolf, *A Room of One's Own*, pp. 95–6, 110.

61 William Cronon makes a similar point about historians tending not to train graduate students 'to ask how all [the] pieces might fit together to create a good story': 'Presidential Address: Storytelling', *American Historical Review* 118: 1, 2013, p. 7.

62 Walter Johnson, 'On Agency', *Journal of Social History* 37: 1, Fall 2003; see also Alicia Partnoy, 'Disclaimer Intraducible: My Life / Is Based / On a Real Story', *Biography* 32: 1, 2009, pp. 16–25.

63 The phrase, 'creative juxtapositions', comes from Arista, 'Listening to Leoiki', p. 72. For a thought-provoking example of juxtaposing in practice, see Jordan Sand, 'Gentlemen's Agreement, 1908: Fragments for a Pacific History', *Representations* 107, 2009, pp. 91–127.

64 Clare Anderson, 'Introduction to Marginal Centers: Writing Life Histories in the Indian Ocean World', *Journal of Social History* 42: 2, 2011, p. 337.

65 I am influenced here by Michael G. Levine's discussion of framing and bleeding history, in *The Belated Witness: Literature, Testimony, and the Question of Holocaust Survival*, Stanford, 2006, pp. 16–61.

66 'History is not merely reflection; it is the business of speaking aloud to those alive and those to come about the past': Richard Drayton, 'Where Does the World Historian Write From? Objectivity, Moral Conscience and the Past and Present of Imperialism', *Journal of Contemporary History* 46: 3, 2011, p. 672.

67 The phrase 'white space' comes from John McPhee, 'Structure: Beyond the picnic-table crisis', *The New Yorker*, 14 Jan. 2013, p. 49.

68 Sujit Sivasundaram, 'Science and the Global: On Methods, Questions and Theory', *Isis* 101: 1, 2010, pp. 154, 158.

69 https://www.theguardian.com/world/2016/aug/31/beach-france-burkini-ban-biloxi-protest, last accessed 31 Oct. 2016.

70 Sebald, *Die Ausgewanderten*, pp. 36–7. Sebald, *The Emigrants*, p. 23. On the day I delivered this lecture, it was announced that the remains of climber Alex Lowe had been found in a Tibetan glacier after sixteen years: http://www.theguardian.com/world/2016/may/02/remains-of-climbing-legend-alex-lowe-found-on-tibetan-mountain, last accessed 2 May 2016.